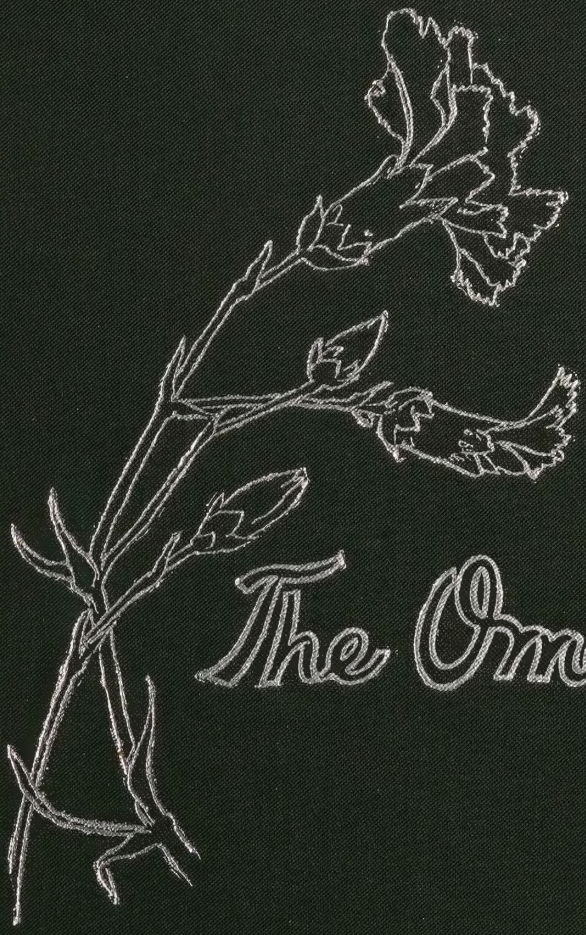
1900

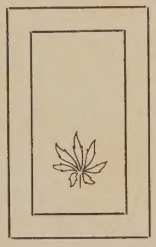


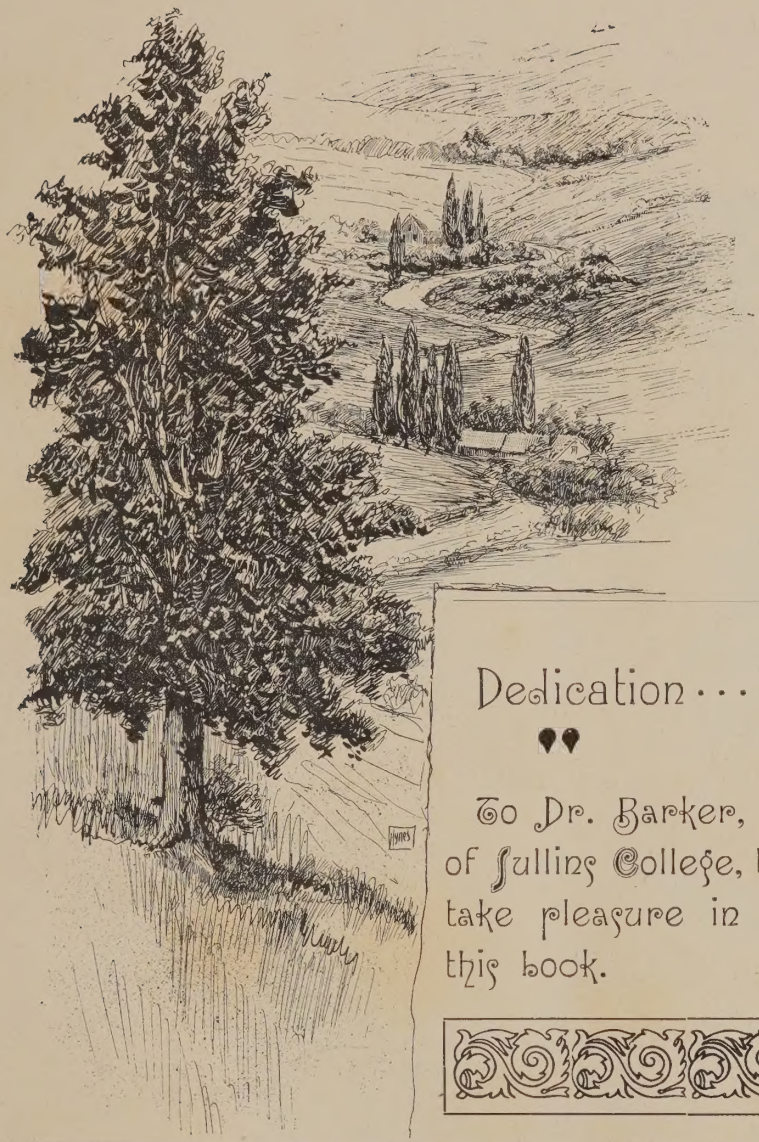
The Omega

The Omega of 1900

PUBLISHED BY THE
SUB-SENIOR CLASS
OF SULLINS COLLEGE

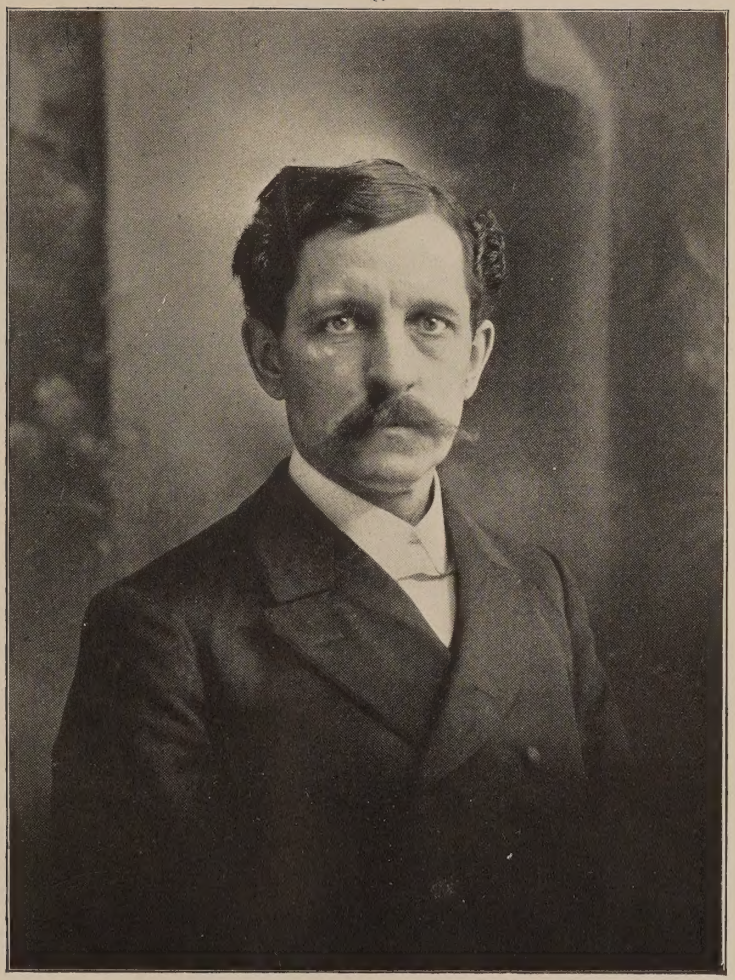
PRESS OF
A. L. SWIFT & CO.
CHICAGO.





Dedication ....

To Dr. Barker, President of Sulling College, the Editors take pleasure in dedicating this book.



S. N. BARKER, PRESIDENT

Sub-Senior Class

Motto

NIL DESPERANDUM

Colors

OLIVE AND WHITE

Flower

WHITE CARNATION

Yell

BOOM-A-RACK-A! BOOM-A-RACK-A!
RAH! RAH! RAH!
CHICK-A LACK-A! CHICK-A LACKA-A!
SIS! BOOM! BAH!
RIP RAP, TIP TAP, ZIZ! BAH! BUN!
SUB-SENIOR! SULLENS! 1901!

OH say, have you met them, the Sub-Senior class?
You couldn't ignore them, for all they surpass.
There's Alpha and Ida and Georgie and Belle,
Mary, Frances, Ethel and Mamie as well.
You'll know if you meet them, this wise band of girls;
Of wonderful worth are they, rare, flawless pearls.
But hush! let me warn you; unless you are wise,
Be quiet when near them, else scorn in their eyes
Will prove that they mark you an unlearned man,
And they will class you as dull, ere a word you begin.

Is't a problem in science, that cannot be solved,
Or some question in Math, in your brain you've revolved,
Why take it to them, it will make your head ache
To see with what quickness their task they'll forsake
And reveal in an instant your blund'ring mistake.
For each wise, winsome Sub-Senior girl give a cheer;
Though you traverse the world, you will not find her peer,
And unless to be rank'd as a fool you'll allow,
You will gracefully yield; at her throne you will bow,
Contented to shine as a much lesser light,
So long as a Sub-Senior smile you invite.

I. H., 1901.

ETHEL SEABROOK MAMIE SMITH INEZ L. COWAN, Bus. Mngr.
MARY KINSER GEORGIA SLACK, Editor-in-Chief IDA HANEY ALPHA RICHARDSON
FRANCES COOPER ANNIE B. WHITE

Editorial Staff

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Katherine Edgeworth Price, A. B. Lillian Randolph Ferguson, M. E. L.

Senior Class

JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Organization

ZORA PEEBLES Chairman

MARY VERMILLION OLIVE SKEGGS ZETA SLACK

ANNIE CLAY FARIS SALLIE KEYS

Class Colors
OLD GOLD AND BLACK

Motto
CARPE DIEM

Class Yell
M. D.
AH, OH
FOUR C. DUO

SCENE: Class-room at Sullins College. TIME: About ten minutes before dinner time.

Z. P. (President of the junior organization, who feels that the responsibility of the class rests on her shoulders)—We have come together to discuss the question of the Annual. Can't one of you suggest a way in which we can represent our class?

J. B. (in long-drawn-out words)—Why can't we have a history, and tell how hard we have——

O. S. (interrupting)—Oh! No! I say, let's have something new.

H. F.—Well, I say we don't need anything; the Sophs and Sub-Seniors are not to be represented.

O. S.—Humph! We don't care what the rest of them have; we want something new, I tell you. Let's get into some scrape, and then we can write on that.

Z. S.—You'd better watch out. J. B. is an honor-league girl.

Z. P. (feeling gayer, as she forgets for a moment her responsibility)—Oh! let's give a swell reception, and then write that up.

S. K. (clapping her hands in high glee)—And invite the King College boys.

J. B.—I'll come, if you have anything to eat.

O. S.—And I can wear my new suit, because I haven't had a chance to wear it much.

Z. S.—My patience! You are always thinking about something to wear.

O. S.—It isn't any of your business!

J. B.—I think we are wandering from the subject of work.

Z. P.—(reassuming her authority)—Please let's decide on what we shall have. M. V., you haven't spoken yet. What is your opinion on the subject?

M. V. (silence!!——!! Then in a low voice)—I don't care.

Z. S.—I think every lady has a right to her own opinion. If J. B. is so fond of work, let her write about it. She knows the toils of school life, and especially that of essay-writing.

O. S.—Oh! Yes; she is so studious and good. I think scrapes are the most interesting things I know of at present.

Z. S.—I should think you would have got enough of them by this time. I don't like scrapes much; accidents are a heap more fun. I suppose that is true, because I am so well acquainted with them.

Z. P.—Who knows anything about the secret societies?

O. S.—I'd like to know what secret societies? Everybody knows about all the societies there are; but if there are any, M. V. would better see about them, as she is the only girl I have ever known who could keep a secret.

S. K.—Why can't we have A. F. to illustrate the history?

Z. P. (in a stern voice)—Girls! we must come to the point.

O. S.—Hurrah! There goes the dinner bell!

J. B.—Isn't this the day for ice cream?

Z. P.—Yes; I saw the ice-wagon.

Z. P.—I suppose we shall have to adjourn, and have another meeting to-morrow to decide this question.

ALL.—Three cheers for Sullins. And one, two, three, goes our yell.

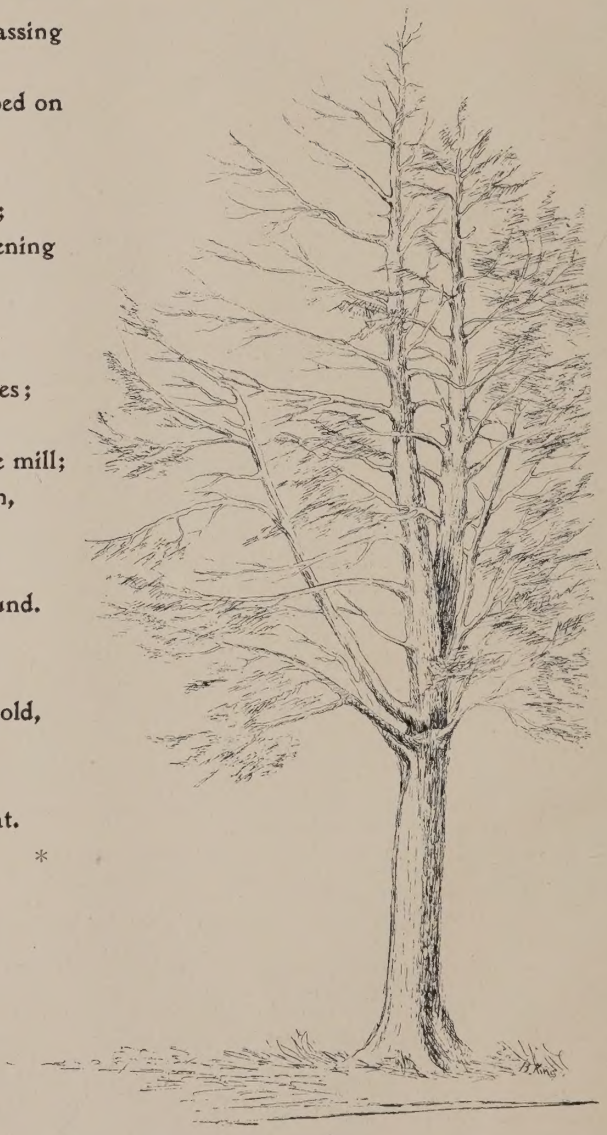
M! D! ha! ho! 4 C. Duo!

Dedicated to the Old Pine Tree

OF ALL the words in English, "passing away"
Are the words which are stamped on rock and clay,
And upon every conceivable thing
That time and the rolling ages bring;
The waters that rush form the evening tide,
But soon recede to the ocean wide;
The ocean blue that sweeps in waves
O'er the ancient mariners' silent graves;
The crystal waters of the rill,
That turn the wheel of the old stone mill;
The gray, grim rock of the mountain,
And the pebble by the fountain,
Alike by this magic spell are bound,
And ever change as the years roll round.
The rising sun that cheers us all,
Will only stay till the shadows fall,
Then sinks in a sea of crimson and gold,
Behind the distant mountain cold,
And soon the tender eyes of night,
Will fade in the morning's rising light.

* * * * * *

Sadly we see our Old Pine Tree
Wither, decay, and cease to be.



To St. Cecilia

GOD did not send another human heart
To be a friend and comfort unto thine;
He meant to hold thee from the world apart,
That thou shouldst know of Him and things divine.

But oh, thy loving Father gave thee much
Thy heart to fill and thy fine ear to please,
He sent thee comfort in thy fingers' touch
Upon the organ's beautiful, cold keys.

—Margaret Hobson.

Sophomore Organization

Eva Dickenson,	President
B. Hurley,	Vice President
Mary Chester Rhea,	Secretary and Treasurer
Nannie Frazier,	Poetess

Colors

OLD GOLD AND PURPLE

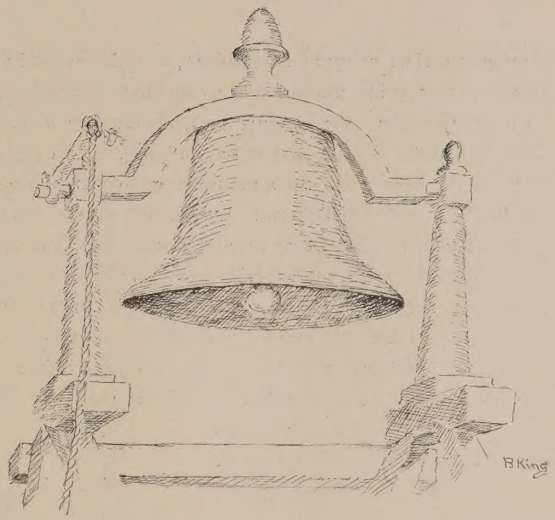
Motto

"We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb."

Yell

Soph! Soph! Siph! Soph! Soph! See!
Who Are We?
We are the Class of Nineteen-three

SOPHOMORE CLASS



WHEN the students came to Sullins College in September, 1899, they were surprised and delighted with the elegance and beauty of the new four-story brick front which had been erected during the summer.

Yet, this large building, located on the hill and overlooking the creek, loved as it is by the girls of 1900, has not nearly so much interest centered about it as has the old building which braved the storms of thirty winters, and was the home of hundreds of girls.

In 1869 this old building, which is now used as a chapel, was built by Dr. Sullins. It was divided into a chapel, music rooms, recitation rooms, dormitories and parlor — the pride of the Bristol people.

Mrs. Chancelaume worked zealously to found a college for Southern girls, and first realized that her work was well begun when, in 1874, she pulled the rope and heard, in response, the loud peal of the "College Bell." All Bristol was aroused by its ringing, and listened to hear it day after day, thinking of the young lives it regulated, and hoping and trusting that the punctuality taught by the old bell would never be forgotten.

The sound aroused a very different feeling among the girls. The sleepy girl hated to be awakened from her morning nap by its long, loud ring, and the negligent girl disliked to have it call her to duty. All the girls rejoiced to hear the bell ring for dismissal, but they rejoiced the more when it summoned them to the dining room.

The memory of the bell brings to mind many pranks of mischievous girls. In the seventies it was the duty of a very timid little teacher to ring the bell. One night Sullins caught on fire, and the nervous little woman tried to be brave and to perform her duty; but, when she came to the place in the second story where the rope went through the floor to the chapel, she looked down, and seeing what she supposed to be flames of fire, dashed a pitcher of cold water upon the red head of an astonished teacher who was starting to ring the bell.

On the first of April the girls, fearing and trembling, would slip out in the early morning, tip-toe past the teachers' rooms, glide noiselessly to the door opening on the staircase, and struggle and pull to open it softly. How many frights when they thought they heard the teacher coming! But finally the door would open, and up the dusty gangway they would creep, uttering a slight scream when they saw a mouse scampering to its hole, or when suddenly a big spider and its web confronted them! But at last all the steps were climbed, and they stood within reach of the bell. What caution and nerve it took to draw the bell to them! But, with the clapper safe in their hands, their spirits began to rise, and giggling and pinching and "hushing" had to be gone through with before the bell was stuffed with garments collected from all the girls in school, that the teacher might not discover the offenders. At last all was finished, and down the creaky staircase and out of the door they crept. Safe in their rooms once more, they peeped and listened, impatiently awaiting the results of their prank.

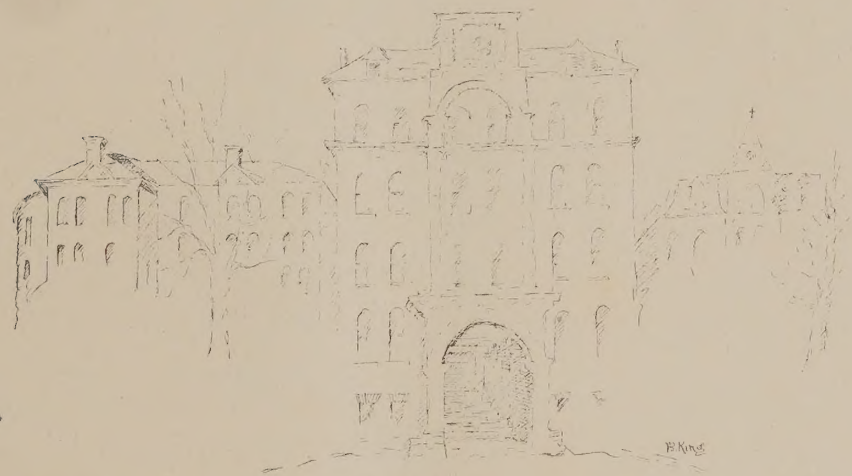
One night a cottage back of Sullins caught on fire. There was the wildest confusion in the college. Some girls, following the advice of the music professor, packed their trunks and dragged them into the halls; others carried out part of the college furniture; and two girls rang the bell with so much vigor that the rope broke. For a few minutes they were in despair, but suddenly a bright idea flashed into their minds. Armed with pokers, they quickly ran up the narrow, winding stairway to the belfry. Standing on opposite sides of the bell, first one and then the other would give it a heavy blow with her poker. To the excited girls the sound was satisfying, though in truth it hardly penetrated beyond the bell tower. At a later hour, after the fire had been put out and the household was fast asleep, the house watchman, passing in that direction, discovered them still vigorously keeping up the alarm.

The old bell that was used so roughly by the girls was also used for more dignified occasions. When the school was under the control of Dr. Carlock, on account of the increase in the number of pupils, the trustees decided to build a new wing to the college. While Mrs. Chancelaume, Mr. James and Mr. Frazier were laying the first three bricks of the foundation wall the bells rang out a joyous welcome to the new building, which was to make it a stronger factor in the education of the girls of our Southland.

As time went on the bell was called on to welcome another building; this time, the north wing, erected by Dr. D. S. Hearon. All the while, however, the bell proudly held its place,

and regulated the school life until the fall of 1898, when the growing college demanded one of those "new fangled," tingling, dingling electric bells, that are always getting out of order. When the new bell would not ring, the teachers would turn to the big old bell, with its loud, deep tones, to regulate the school life, until the electric bell could be made to resume its tinkling.

The old bell was called in once more to ring a welcome to the handsome new building which now overlooks the city and towers above the old historic wings, with the characteristic pride of youth and beauty, conscious of its strength and vigor in the presence of venerable age. This building is roomy, cheerful and homelike. Every room is glorified with the sunshine of heaven and the sunshine of joyous young life. We behold from the windows of Sullins such beauty of mountain, stream, town and country, that we cannot fail to experience that delight of soul which is the highest work of refined and sensitive natures.



And now the old bell, having guided, warned and rejoiced the students of Sullins College down to the fourth generation of buildings, has in its revered old age become "Professor Emeritus" to the frisking, tinkling young American electric bell, and has been released from all active duties; it is now allowed to dose away in its big arm chair — the attic!

L. R. F., 1900.

"Little Rags."

"Little Rags"

THEY called her, for short, "Little Rags" at school—
"Little Rags"—but she felt they meant ridicule.

How she came by it, when asked if she knew,
"Ever since pap drowned an' never come to."
* * * * * * * *

"To-morrow," said the teacher, in her winsome way,
"All must prepare for the first spring day.

I want each pupil on the morrow to bring
A bunch of flowers, an offering to spring."

There were many at school in whose yards grew
The choicest flowers, and plentiful too.

But "Little Rags" thought of her mother, so poor,
And that no flowers grew about her door.

She climbed the hills, walked through the glen,
Searched the bushes and brambles and then—

"If 'twon't hurt flowers, please God, an' you know,
Can't you push 'em up some, so they'll show?"

With childlike faith, in suppliance sublime,
She waited the bloom of a honeysuckle vine.

"What can I do," she said, "what can I do?"
And out of dead leaves peeped a purple hue.

She gathered the violets, her offering to spring.
And tied them together with a wild vine string.

As she handed them in, her head reclined—
"Please, Miss Mary, 'twus the best I could find."

The teacher smiled, as "Rags" crept away,
But allowed no chiding to'rd the child that day.

That night "Little Rags" dreamt of bright flowers,
Garlands of roses, everblooming bowers.

Only to awake, on that spring's fair morn,
Bearing the burden she'd always borne.

Off to the schoolhouse, where all else was cheer,
Her name used in jest or pass'd with sneer.

She saw new dresses, by her schoolmates worn,
Compared with her own, faded and torn.

Saw flowers o'er the window, flowers on the stair,
Flowers 'round the walls, flowers everywhere.

And the tears stole down her pale, thin face,
When she found her violets were given no place.

But through the window, on some rubbish outside,
Saw them in a heap, she thought, faded and dried.

"I'll jes' bury' em long side o' Snuff;
Broke his neck three times an' once was enough."

The door then opened, the teacher appeared,
While children, in welcome, cheered and cheered.

From behind torn leaves, in an old spelling book.
"Little Rags" ventured one timid look.

When something she saw filled her with surprise,
And moisten'd the lids of joy-dimmed eyes.

In place of preference, far beyond the rest,
Her violets were pin'd on the teacher's breast.

A little, tired mother sang the livelong day.
For a heart made happy in His own way.

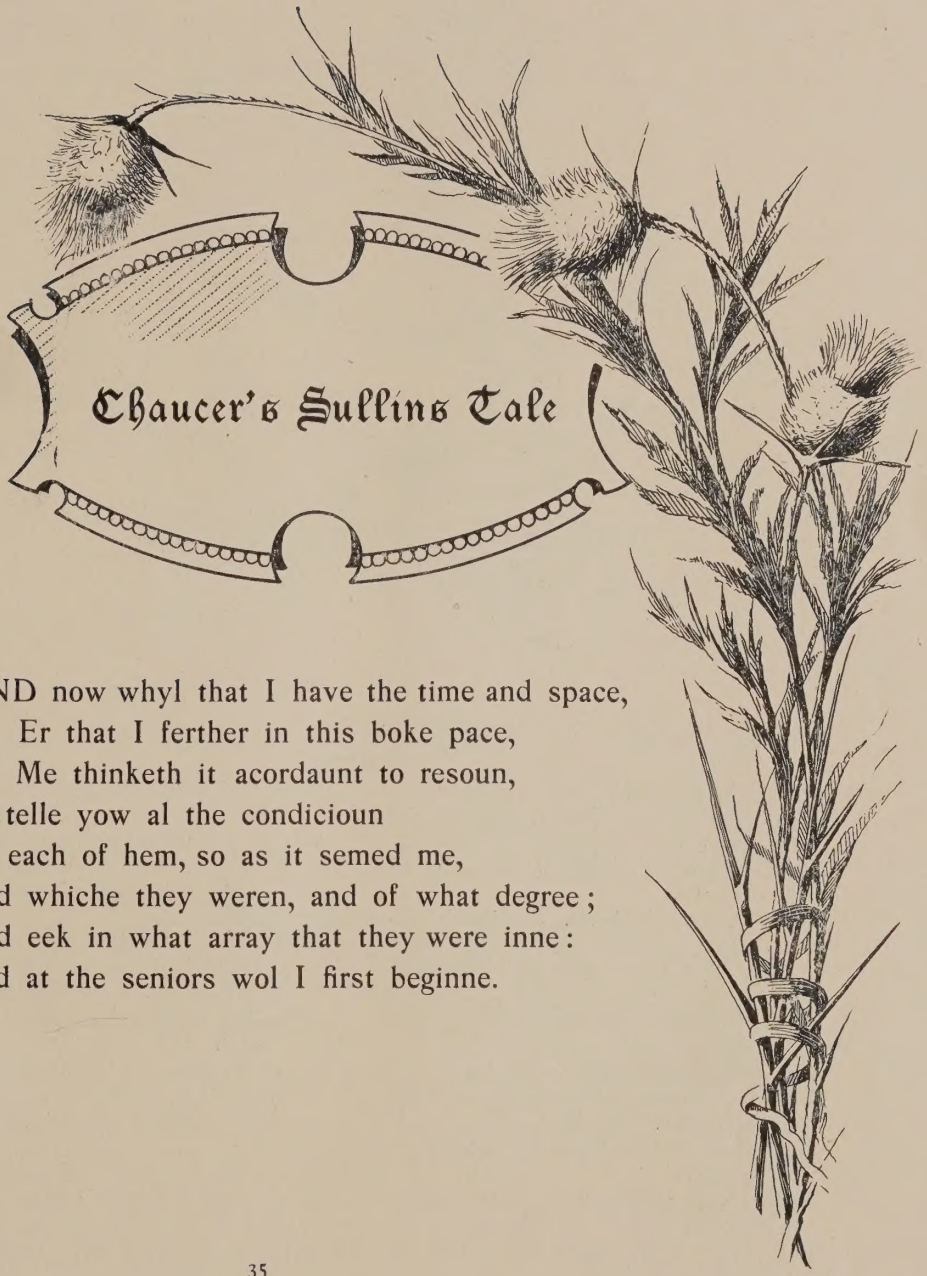
—*Trux*.

REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS OF FRESHMAN CLASS

MUSIC CLASS

MUSIC CLASS

MUSIC GROUP



Chaucer's Sullins Tale

AND now whyl that I have the time and space,
Er that I ferther in this boke pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of each of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at the seniors wol I first beginne.

SENIORS—What sholde they studie, and make hir-selven wood, upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure.

B. P.—She unto logik hadde longe ygo.

L. F.—But hood, for jolitee, ne wered she noon.

R. H.—Somwhat she lipsed for her wantownesse.

K. P.—So hote she lovede, that by nightertale
She sleep namore than doth a nightingale.

E. D.—This ilke worthy mayde hadde been also
Somtyme with the people of Mexico.

M. McG.—Singinge she was, or floytinge, al the day.

M. E. K.—She was of port as meek as is a mayde.

M. R.—Short was hir goune, with sleeves longe and wyde.

F. C.—She coude songes make and wel endyte.

I. D.—Embrouded was she, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.

A B. S.—Ful wel she song the service divyne.
Entuned in her nose ful semely.

I. C.—And of hir smyling was she simple and coy.

M. B.—Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille upon hir brest.

C. B.—And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Berlitz á la Price,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.

N F.—In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest.

S. K.—And peyned hir to countrefete chere
Of court, and been estallish of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.

K. H. M.—She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous.

A. V. M.—Of smale houndes had he, that he fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed.
But sore weep he if oon of hem were dead.

J. B.—And al was conscience and tendre herte.

M. C.—This ilke mayde leet olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the space.

S. W.—Hir mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed.

E. G.—But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed,
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe.

S. W.—For, hardily, she was not undergrowe.

Z. S.—She was not pale as a forpyned goost.

M. L. P.—Unto hir classe she was a noble post.
Acorded not, as by hir facultee,
To have with seke lazars aqueyntaunce.

I. H.—Nowher so bisy a mayde as she ther was
And yet she semed bisier than she was.

L. P.—Ful loude she song, "Com hider, love, to me."

E. P.—By ounces henge hir lokkes that she hadde,
And therwith she hir shuldres overspradde.

M. N.—They were adrad of hir, as of the deeth.

M. L.—Of studie took she most cure and most hede.
Not a word spak she more than was nede.

I. H.—And she was not right fat, I undertake.

F. J.—His resons he spak ful solempnely.

F. J. Z.—Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and sek lekes.

M. V.—And quick she was, and chirped as a sparwe.

M. S. G.—Than wolde she speke no word but Latyn.
A few terms hadde she, two or three.

M. H. B.—She was an esy oon to geve penaunce.

O. S.—She may not wepe althogh hir sore smerte.

R. J.—Wel coude she singe and pleyen on a rote.

G. S.—And overal, ther as profit sholde aryse,
Curteys she was, and lowly of servyse.

V. J.—And in adversitee ful pacient.

P. W.—She nevere yet no vileinye ne sayde

L. P. P.—My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

M. C.—A voys she hadde as smal as hath a goot.

H. R.—Wel coude she rede a lessoun or a storie.

S. M.—In alle the classes foure is noon that can so moche of daliaunce and fair language.
Honor Tribunal: Fil swetely herde they confessioun.

G. G.—She was the beste beggere in the hous.

F. T.—In love dayes ther coude she mochel helpe.

B. H.—She wende by the weye doumb as a stoon.

I. M.—But ye be merye, I wol yeve you myn heed.

R. B.—Benigne she was, and wonder diligent.

J. K.—Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce.

M. B.—And on hir heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe.

N. W.—She coude moche of wandering by the weye.

Z. P.—Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed.

M. S.—She was a worthy womman al hir lyve.

L. McN.—But she was som-del deef, and that was scathe.

S. R.—Of hir diete mesurable was she.
Wel coude she stelen rolls and tollen cakes.

M. R.—Whoso shal telle a tale after a man, he moost reherce, as ny as evere he can.

B. C.—In sangwin and in pers she clad was al.

M. H. K.—Ful thredbar was she clothed, that was sothe.

M. K.—Of nyce conscience took she no keep.

B. B.—Ful fresh and newe hir gere apyked was.

M. B.—Ther coude no wight pinche at her wryting.

S. P.—She semed swich, hir wordes weren so wyse.

B. P.—Discreet she was and of greet reverence.

L. W.—Downings in moral virtu was hir Speche.

A. R.—To liven in delyt was evere hir wone.

A. W. W.—She coude in litel thing hav suffisaunce.

M. K.—Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.

E. L. A.—She knew the cause of everich maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or drye.

L. R.—She was a janglere and a goliordeys.

M. B. B.—The hote somer had maad hir hewe al broun.

M. W.—Hardy she was, and wys to undertake.

S. N. B.—Ther coude no wight pinche at his daunsinge.

E. S.—This worthy mayde ful wel hir wit bisette.

N. W.—So greet a purchasour wos nowher noon.

M. G.—Ful big she was of braun and eek of bones.

A. B. W.—Bold was hir speche, and wys, and wel y-taught.

S. M.—She was as fresh as is the month of May.

L. M.—And solitarie she was and evere allone.

L. K.—Hir voys was as a trompe thunderinge.

G. S.—Hir voys was merier than the merye orgon.

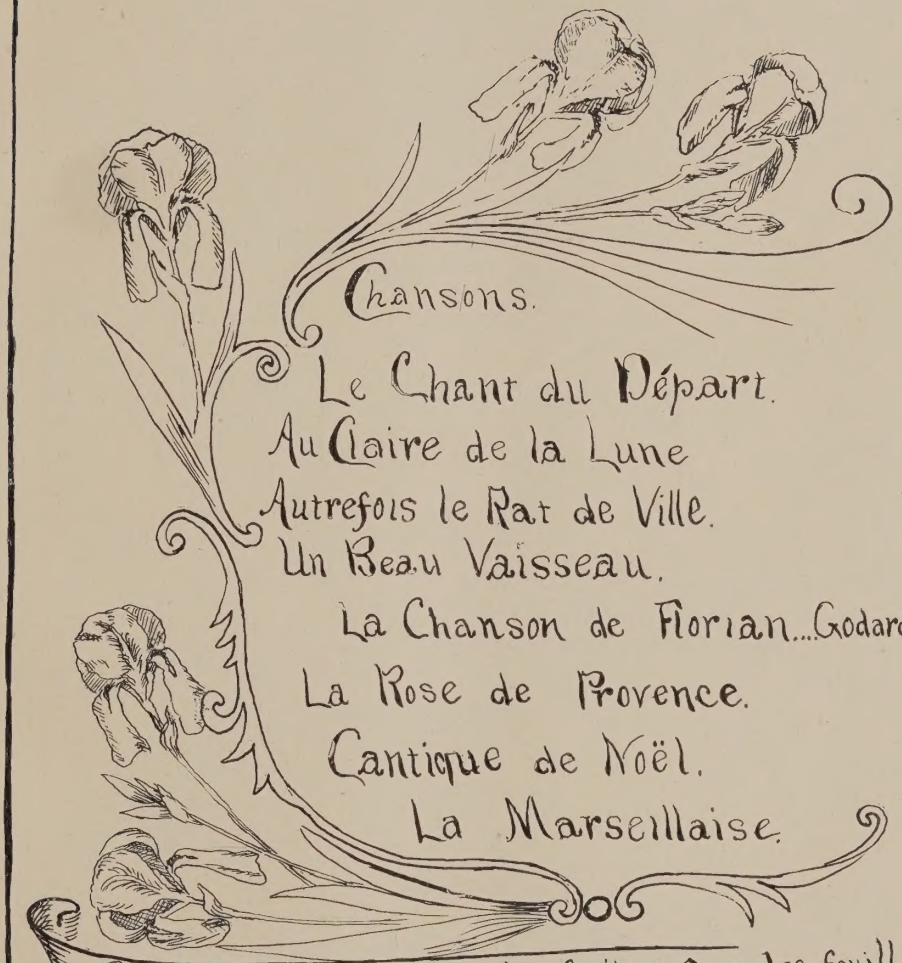
A. C. F.—Love hath his fyry dart so beenningly y-stiked thurgh hir trewe, careful herte.

L. G.—Nat fully quike, ne fully deed she was.

L. S.—And trewely she thinketh that ilke man
The sothe speketh as ny as evere he can.

E. S.—And him she loved in especial
For sothly was he of the stok roial.

M. E. S.—She coude slepe alnight as I you telle.
Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree
Here in this boke, as that they sholde stonde.


Chansons.
Le Chant du Départ.
Au Claire de la Lune
Autrefois le Rat de Ville.
Un Beau Vaisseau.
La Chanson de Florian...Godard.
La Rose de Provence.
Cantique de Noël.
La Marseillaise.
Sois satisfait des fleurs, des fruits, même des feuilles,
Si c'est dans ton jardin à toi que tu les cueilles!
-Rostand-

FRENCH GLEE CLUB

GERMAN GLEE CLUB

Lieder

Die Lorelei . Das zerbrochene Ringlein

Treue Liebe An-der Saale hellem Strande

Der Jagersmann . . Untreue

Der Wirthin Tochterlein . Waldkonzert

Zum Abschied - Lob-der edeln Musica

(Trio)

Lambs Astray

AMONG the many days of my college life, memorable because of incidents either sad or pleasant, I distinctly recall a delightful afternoon in October. Autumn is my favorite season, and that Saturday was an ideal fall day. It was just when the trees change their dresses of green for more brilliant ones of red and gold. And King Goldenrod, the last of the flowers, waved his head proudly in the breeze. It was by far too pretty a day to spend indoors, and my room-mate and I determined to have an adventure, as she termed it. Not far back of the college ran a small but pretty river. We could see it from our window, and that morning it looked more picturesque than usual. The water was calm and blue. The trees which grew on its banks were red and yellow ; only the willows were green. A broad, smooth road followed the zig-zag course of the river for some distance, and by the roadside grew clumps of Goldenrod and gaudy autumn flowers. We often saw numbers of boats upon the river. Only the night before, a gay party of young people had taken a moonlight row, and the sound of song and of the guitar came to us from the river. As I had lived near a river all my life, and was accustomed to the water, I could manage a boat very well. Though Marian knew little about rowing, she was very fond of it. That was our first year at college, and we had been there only a week. It was not a day to make one feel sad, but nevertheless we were a bit homesick.

"I declare," said Marian, as she sealed a letter she had just finished writing, "its awfully dull, don't you think so, Dora? A whole week we have been good, but everything has been dull and prosy. Now, let's have some fun!"

"But what shall we do," I asked. "We can't have fun here in the college."

"Of course not," answered Marian, somewhat petulantly; "I never dreamed that I was foolish over the boys, but the sight of so many petticoats is really appalling! A beau at any price, I say!"

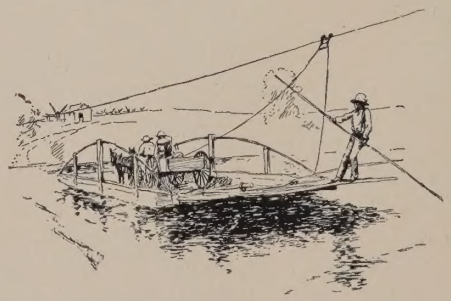
"You certainly don't run much risk of parting with your money, for I haven't seen a boy since we have been here; that wouldn't trouble me much, though, if we could have a good time."

"I have it," called Marian, after a minute's meditation. "You know that gate opening from the back campus on the hill? Well, that path leads down the hill to the boathouse on the river. This afternoon about 4 o'clock, we can slip down there, get a boat and take a row. No one will ever know it, and we shall have such a jolly lark. Will you do it? I'm not afraid."

"Yes," I said slowly, "the row will be beautiful!"

So it was decided that we should go.

At four, Marian slipped quietly downstairs, and about five minutes later I followed. She was waiting just outside the gate, among the paw-paw bushes, which grew thick upon the hill. The walk was beautiful, and we were in the best of spirits.



After pausing to watch a small boy and girl gathering Goldenrod, we quickened our walk, and soon reached the

boathouse, where we obtained a pretty boat, "The Water Lily." We took our seat in the middle of the boat, each with an oar. Our first strokes were weak, and we pulled out with fear and trembling. But gaining courage from the smooth water, we grew bolder, and soon we were gliding smoothly and easily down the river. At first Marian gave way to bursts of delight, but soon she, too, became quiet as we gazed upon the beauties of the scene. Only the splashing of the water against the boat broke the spell which seemed to be over everything.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely," I said, pointing to a cave where the trees drooped their gay-colored branches into the clear water; shells gleamed on the bottom; brilliant autumn flowers grew in the crevices of the gray, rugged rocks, and the sun, shining upon all, made the scene still more beautiful.

As we drifted on down the stream, the quiet was broken by shouting of boys in a distant field. Marian's face brightened, for though she had enjoyed the scenery, she was longing for pleasure of a more active kind.

In a few minutes we stopped before a large stone building sheltered by rugged oaks, and viewed the place from the boat. The large campus was grassy and shady, and several hammocks were swung between the trees. In a field back of the grounds we could see groups of boys. Almost without our knowing it, two young men stood before us on the landing. One, who appeared to be the older, lifted his hat, and bowing, said:

"I am Augustus H. Silverthorne, the president of this school. This is my friend and partner, Richard Stevens Beverly. If you will land, we shall be delighted to show you the place. Allow me to assist you."

"Yes," said the other with a broad smile, "to assist you."

Marian looked at me and said, "Let's go!" I hesitated, but her appealing glance persuaded me. Certainly it would be all right for us to accept the president's invitation to see his school. The temptation was so great that, without thinking of propriety, I nodded.

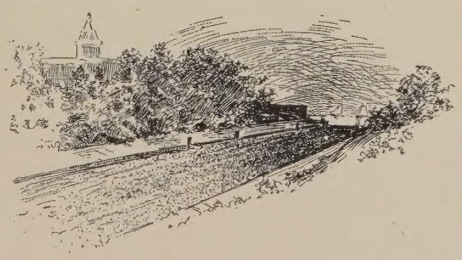
"Thank you," she said, as the president assisted her to get out; I gave him my hand, and in a moment we stood on the landing. He threw open the gate, and as we entered, said, with a bow and a flourish of his hand:

"This is a lovely place, and a fit one in which to welcome such fair ladies."

"Such fair ladies," murmured Mr. Richard Stevens Beverly, who seemed always to echo everything his friend said.

Mr. Silverthorne made himself very agreeable and pleasant; and taking Marian's arm he proceeded to show us the grounds.

He was very talkative and entertaining, and from her manner I could tell that Marian was flattered by his attentions. Mr. Beverly and I followed close behind them. He was very nice looking, but rather queer and quiet. I think I talked about any and everything, and asked dozens of questions. He seldom spoke, but he always smiled.



After spending some time on the campus, Mr. Silverthorne led us into the building. In the hall, we met two or three men who seemed rather old for school boys, and several women and girls.

"Oh, is it a co-educational college?" I asked,

thinking it was a queer school. "I thought it was for boys only."

"Oh, no, for both men and women," answered the president. "Let me take you to the second floor," he added, leading us up a winding staircase. He threw open the door of the first room, and said, "This is our society hall. The pupils are holding a meeting now, you see. The singer is Miss Linnet Wetherton, our best vocal pupil." The voice that fell upon our ears was far from being melodious.

In one part of the room a young boy who had a wild, far-away look in his eyes, was playing a cracked old violin, and suddenly all the members of the society joined hands in a dance. Whisking Marian's arm through his, Silverthorne pulled her into the dance.

Richard Beverly seeing this, offered me his arm, and bestowed upon me one of his broadest smiles.

It suddenly flashed upon me—we were in an asylum for the insane!

I glanced at Marian; she, too, had guessed the truth of our situation, as I could tell from the look of consternation on her face.

She had stopped dancing, and Mr. Silverthorne had walked to the window. I knew that the worst thing we could do would be to oppose the will of a lunatic. I whispered so to Marian, and told her to be careful.

Then turning to Mr. Silverthorne, I said, hoping to get down on the first floor again, "Now won't you show us your dining room? It must be beautiful!"

"Let me first show you the parlor," he answered.

As we passed through the hall, a woman came rushing toward us, calling in an agitated tone, "Shoo, chicken! Shoo!" Mr. Silverthorne payed no attention to her, but we heard later that the woman believed herself a grain of corn in constant danger of being devoured by imaginary chickens.

Mr. Silverthorne opened the door of the parlor; there were several of his "pupils." He was as talkative as ever, and Marian almost forgot her fright in the interest and novelty of the situation. Mr. Beverly did not say a word, and I was glad to have an opportunity to observe the patients, and think of a way of escape.

"This," said Mr Silverthorne, "is one of our brighest and most attractive pupils" He pointed to a woman sitting in a basket of feathers, chucking away as though she

were an old hen. While I was sorry for the patients, I could not help being interested in their peculiarities.

Another woman who was introduced to us as a very talented young person, walked around with one arm akimbo, the other held out in an odd position. With her mouth she was making that peculiar sound which comes from a steaming tea-pot.

I was watching her when I heard a clock strike six. Horrors! That was supper-time, and we were not at the college! What should we do?

Just then the attendant, who had been out all evening with the men playing ball, entered the room. He was very much surprised, of course, to see visitors, and was just about to speak, when, hearing some one enter the hall, we looked up, and beheld our president.

We were so overjoyed at seeing him, that for the moment we forgot we were culprits. He had discovered our absence, and successfully traced us.

We listened, as in suave tones he thanked Mr. Silverthorne for his kindness to us.

Mr. Silverthorne and Mr. Beverly conducted us to our boat, and we parted very pleasantly.

The beauties of nature had no charms for us as we rowed homeward. The president was very considerate, but we knew the girls would be less merciful.

E. D. 1903.

The Clubs

I FOUND the Clubs of Sullins College different in many respects from the usual college fraternities. While most secret organizations have signs, passwords, and are wrapped in mystery, the clubs at Sullins do not indicate an ancient origin. The young ladies feel that the study of the sciences takes up as much time as they are willing to devote to the past. So the hours of relaxation are given up to the all-absorbing present, in which practical domestic economy and modern business are discussed in a way peculiar to themselves. While this departure may cause surprise, it can, at least, be given the credit of novelty.

The Visitor.

Real Estate Club

FOR SALE CHEAP—An air-castle containing an imaginary hero.

Land in the Hills is looking up some.

Several bad lots in the new addition of the building have been improved A considerable amount of capital has been invested there recently.

Will exchange a lot of adversity for a lot of fun commencement week —SKEGGS.

On account of the conflagration of wrath, which destroyed Miss Brown's most valuable documents, her mineral interest in the property heretofore held by her is offered. Gold and diamonds have been found in paying quantities.

The foundation of a large four-story flirtation was begun in the new addition last week. The contractors are using pressed brick.

The faculty surveyed the situation one day this week and found plots against their peace mapped out.

I want somebody to take an individual interest in me. Terms easy.—ROGERS.

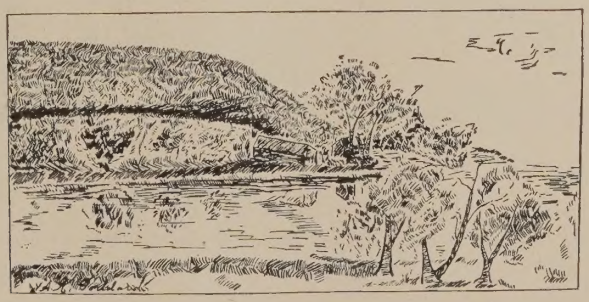
Mr. Sykes, of Emory, who has architectural ideas, has submitted plans and specifications for a commodious correspondence with Miss —— (?) Up to going to press we have not heard whether they were accepted or rejected.

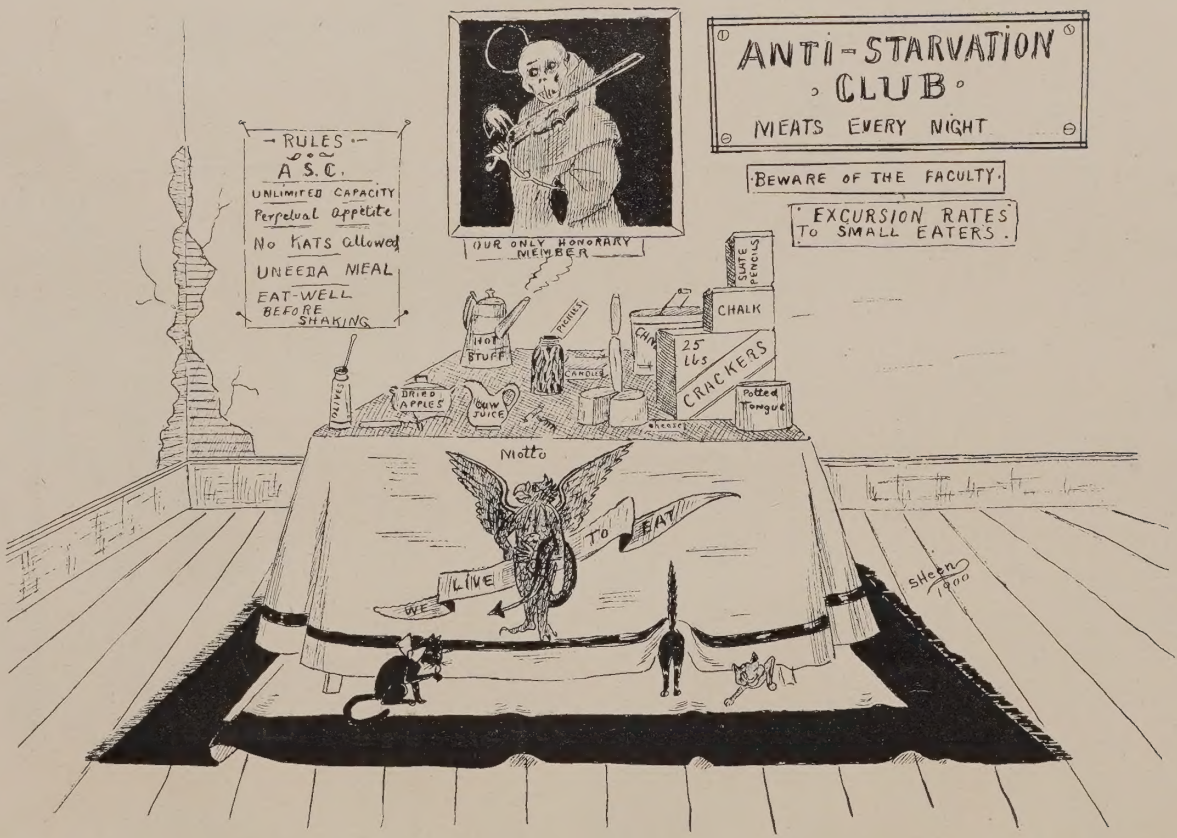
Lots S and R, fronting most of the time on the corner of Main and th streets, were badly sold a short time ago. The former tenants, however, retained a *lean* on the property.

On account of the soft material used, many a love structure falls before it is half finished.

The first mortgage which T-g-t holds on Miss Mc—— will probably be placed on the records after the next term of *court*.

An ingenious King College prospecter, with certain prospects, has discovered belle metal on Sullins College campus.




ANTI-STARVATION
CLUB
MEATS EVERY NIGHT
BEWARE OF THE FACULTY
EXCURSION RATES
TO SMALL EATERS.
RULES
A.S.C.
UNLIMITED CAPACITY
Perpetual Appetite
No HATS allowed
UNEEDA MEAL
EAT-WELL
BEFORE
SHAKING
OUR ONLY HONORARY
MEMBER
SLATE PENCILS
CHALK
25 lbs
CRACKERS
Potted Tongue
HOT STUFF
CANDLE
DRIED APPLES
COW JUICE
Motto
WE
LIVE
TO
EAT
Sheen
1900

Anti-Starvation Club

NUMBER OF MEMBERS . . . . . ATE

Officers

CHIEF COOK AND BOTTLE WASHER : B. PEEBLES

FORAGERS : : : : : : K. PRICE AND M. CLARK

DOORKEEPER : : : : : : : : : : O SKEGGS

CHAPERONE : : : : : : : : : : : : M. RHEA

CHIEF EATERS : : : : : : : : : Z. PEEBLES AND S. RHEA

WAITER : : : : : : : : : : M. CLARK

HONORARY INDISPENSABLE : : MRS. FONTAINE

During the last month of school the Anti-Starvers received many donations. They acknowledge the following special favors :

1 Pepper Box.
1 Sack of Table Salt.
Half Pint of the Milk of Human Kindness.
1 Recipe for making Poor Man's Pudding.
1 Plate of the Sahara Dessert from the Map Publishers.
1 Box of Hard Tacks.
1 Dozen Dry Hearings before the Faculty.
1 Can of Krout.

This Club expects to have a banquet Commencement Week, at which time appropriate memorials will be read in memory of charter members who are unavoidably absent.

Object

FUN

Mottoes

"LAUGH AND GROW FAT"

"LITTLE DOG LAUGHED TO SEE SUCH SPORT"

"A LITTLE NONSENCE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE BEST OF MEN"

Colors

CALF-SKIN AND KID

Menagerie

PARROT MONKEY GOAT

Market Club

I FOUND the Market Club hall deserted. Although its membership combines nearly all the members of the other clubs, not one was present and no record is kept of the members. A kind of mystery pervades the hall It is an exchange in miniature. But that which causes the excitement was not money or bonds but opinions which, not unlike the former, are subject to fluctuations and flutterings. Commercial hearts! There was a board on which were several initials, showing the rating of the young men of the vicinity. But no one week can be taken as an index to the entire session. While one young man may, by some sudden impulse, rise to the highest notch in the quotations this week, the next may find him either by some action of his or, by some reverse in the club's opinion, fall to the lowest notch in valuation. The week here disclosed ended April 7th, which included April 1st, and was therefore very uncertain.

Market Quotations of Eligible Young Men, subject to change. Corrected weekly.

APRIL 1ST., 1900.

J. D.	In hock
M. L. N.	At par
J. E. M.	Preferred
J. J. B-rr-w	Held over
J. M. M.	Up and down
T. D-v-s	Sold yesterday
C. F-p-s	Fair to middling
V. H.	Sold only in bulk
E. & H. College	Declaring dividends
A. S. Mc Jr.	Looking for bidders
F. E.	Country cured and in demand
J. Wh-t-	Withdrawn from market
O. T-yl-p	Prime and fresh roasted
Dr. M.	Western exhausted
J. J. D.	Asked 75, Bid 40
W. C. Fl--rn-y	Gone into trust
C. K. M.	All bids closed
O. T-nl-p.	Slow bidding
J. A-d-rs	Fluctuating
S. W-ll--ms	Mortgaged
L. B. nt-ng	30 cents
Dr. H.	Not quoted
A. F. D.	Extra
T. C. M-rg-n	On call
Sp. nc-p	Active
Carter Co.	Overstocked
J. A. C.	Unsalable
M. B. B.	Advancing
King College	In demand
C. H. W.	No takers
B. B-sh-ng	Falling
Dr. F	Slow
F. Gp-s-cl-s-	Steady

Spinster Club

Motto

"What a Piece of Work is Man"

Colors

ROUGE AND PREPARED-CHALK

Badge

BACHELOR BUTTONS

Aim

MATRIMONY

Members

Grand-match-maker, . . . Mamie Rogers
Man-hater, ... Irma Harper
Flirt, ... Allie Belle Stinson
Bachelor Girl, ... Clifton Blair
Heart-breaker, ... Maude McGuire
Lone-born Creeture, ... Ethel Seabrook

Place of Abode

NO MAN'S LAND

Haven of Rest

ISLE OF MAN

The Cooking Club

NOTE—This club kneads a cook who can dough the neighbors up brown. No reference required.

The Cooking Club was in session when I called, and was very busy. Miss Roarer presided and did the loudest talking. By consent I secured some of the most valuable recipes, which are here given to the public for the first time. I regret to state that the members of this club seemed to prefer "roasts" to any other mode of preparing food, either for conjecture or thought. The following are some of the principal ones. They include medicinal as well as culinary.

How to Cook a Casual Acquaintance

Take a couple of good size rumors and add a pint of well-seasoned prejudice, without cause. Mix the undisguised opinions of two associates, and place in a hot discussion until roasted.

To Cure a Bad (s)Cold

Take four pounds of granulated grins to one pint of patience. Mix in the *yokes* of two self-denying friends who are able to bear them without myhrr myhrr. Place in a range about one hundred yards square and let alone until settled. When she begins to simper slowly take out and spread over a carefully prepared sauce of horseradish-sense diplomacy and let her estchew.

Curr(e)nt Jam

Take one small sized sensation, add equal parts of pulpit denunciation and newspaper display. Add to these a good-looking, talented young woman who defies them and a puffed-up manager who encourages her. Give them a good ventilation in a court of justice, at which time spicy testimony may be added to suit the taste. Then uncover and place on a platform of a large auditorium, with the door ajar, and avoid the rush. Serve while hot.

Revealed Cutlets

Take four handsful of envy and place in a dark corner until they ferment. Skim off and pour on the head of a well meaning but more favored rival. Set in a refrigerator well packed around with crushed mal-ice. When cooled take out and puncture your crusty words with a double-prong forked meaning, then add ten drops of tincture of irony and cut her acquaintance.

Tarts

Take some "sour grapes" and put in a dish of discontent; mix in some crumbs of comfort and some good reasons for doing so, then add enough disturbance to grate on their feelings. After a thin crust has formed on their disposition set in a cool place and serve cold.

Young Women's Christian Association

President . . . Miss Burke Peebles

Vice-President . Miss Maude McGuire Secretary . . Miss Katherine Price

Treasurer . . . Miss Irma Harper

Magazine Club

President . . . Miss Gammon Secretary . . . Miss Peebles

Treasurer . Miss Clark

Honor League Tribunal

Ida Haney . . . Chairman

Burke Peebles Frances Cooper

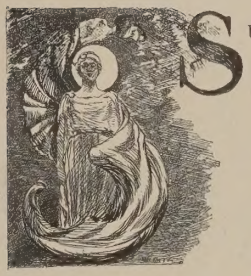
Jean Buchanan Lillian Ferguson

Mary Kinser

The Honor League, conducted by the students, has been very helpful to the young ladies in self-government and formation of sturdy character so necessary to true womanhood. Printed requirements are not needed where Honor rules. The standard of right living has been greatly enhanced by the fidelity of the Tribunal.

S. N. Barker,
President.

A Devotional Hour at Sullins



SUNDAY at two, each girl in her room,
Her face the picture of impenetrable gloom
Throughout the halls the silence of the tomb,
'Twas devotional hour at Sullins.

In modest quarters, far from the rest,
In a room scant with furniture, but full of zest,
Sat six girls, each the other's guest,
That solemn hour at Sullins.

Who can picture a scene more dear?
There far away from the world's rude jeer
(And the faculty's ever attentive ear)
This picture of piety at Sullins.

So lowly these maidens, and so devout,
They sat on the floor, in a round about,
In the center a hymn book and—dish of krout!
These sly six maidens at Sullins.

They sang the Psalms, interpreted the creed,
Sang of other "Sams" that had indeed
Supplied their wants in time of need,
The wants of these girls at Sullins.

In the midst of "worship" came a knock at the door;
It found them exhorting "go sin no more,"
While the hymn book covered the krout, on the floor,
Of these worshipful maidens at Sullins.

Much affected, Dr. B. strode back down stairs.
Such warmth of feeling at the afternoon prayers
Had taken the Doctor unawares,
Unsuspecting Dr. B. at Sullins.

And thus these maidens, undismayed,
Continued devotion, their fears allayed,
One of them watched while the others *preyed*
On that dish of krout at Sullins.

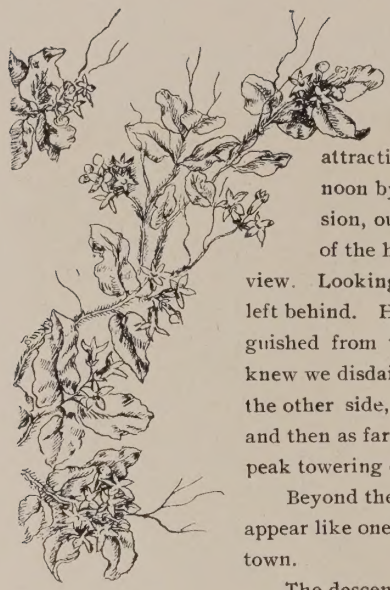
—TRUX.

A DEVOTIONAL HOUR AT SULLINS

VOCAL CLASS

NOT the semblance of a cloud could be seen in that mass of heaven's own blue; the sun shed his most glorious beams, and all nature wore her happiest smile on that glad May day. Over the knobs we scattered, each seeking for hidden pleasure: here and there could be seen, in contrast with the green of the hills, the white, pink and blue dresses of the girls; and mingled with their happy shouts and laughter were the gladdest and merriest songs of the birds, who seemed to rejoice in their freedom. But we were as happy as the birds, for how could a lot of girls, who had been confined in a city boarding school all the long dreary months of winter, help being happy on such an ideal afternoon?

Never had been heard, on those dear old hills, such glad shouts as ours, when on stooping down and brushing away the last traces of the past season, we saw the little innocent faces of the white and pink arbutus, peeping so shyly at us from their bed of brown, and seeming so modestly to say: "Our Mother, Earth, knew you were coming, and sent us, her prettiest children, to welcome you."



In our midst, helping us to gather the arbutus, and telling us where to find the prettiest flowers and the most attractive spots, and adding so much to the happiness of the afternoon by his pleasant stories, was the one who had planned the occasion, our musician and our friend. At last, we reached the summit of the highest knob, and sat down to rest and enjoy the beautiful view. Looking down on one side, we could see the little city which we had left behind. Here and there a church or a school building could be distinguished from the houses, which all seemed huddled together, as if they knew we disdained them on such a bright, beautiful day. So we turned to the other side, where all was wild and natural. Below us were the fields, and then as far as we could see was a grand mass of mountains, peak after peak towering one above the other in the distance.

Beyond the hills to the west the rays of the setting sun made the sky appear like one large sea of gold, and its brilliancy was reflected over the town.

The descending sun seemed to caress the city that he loves, and crown it with the aureole of a saint.

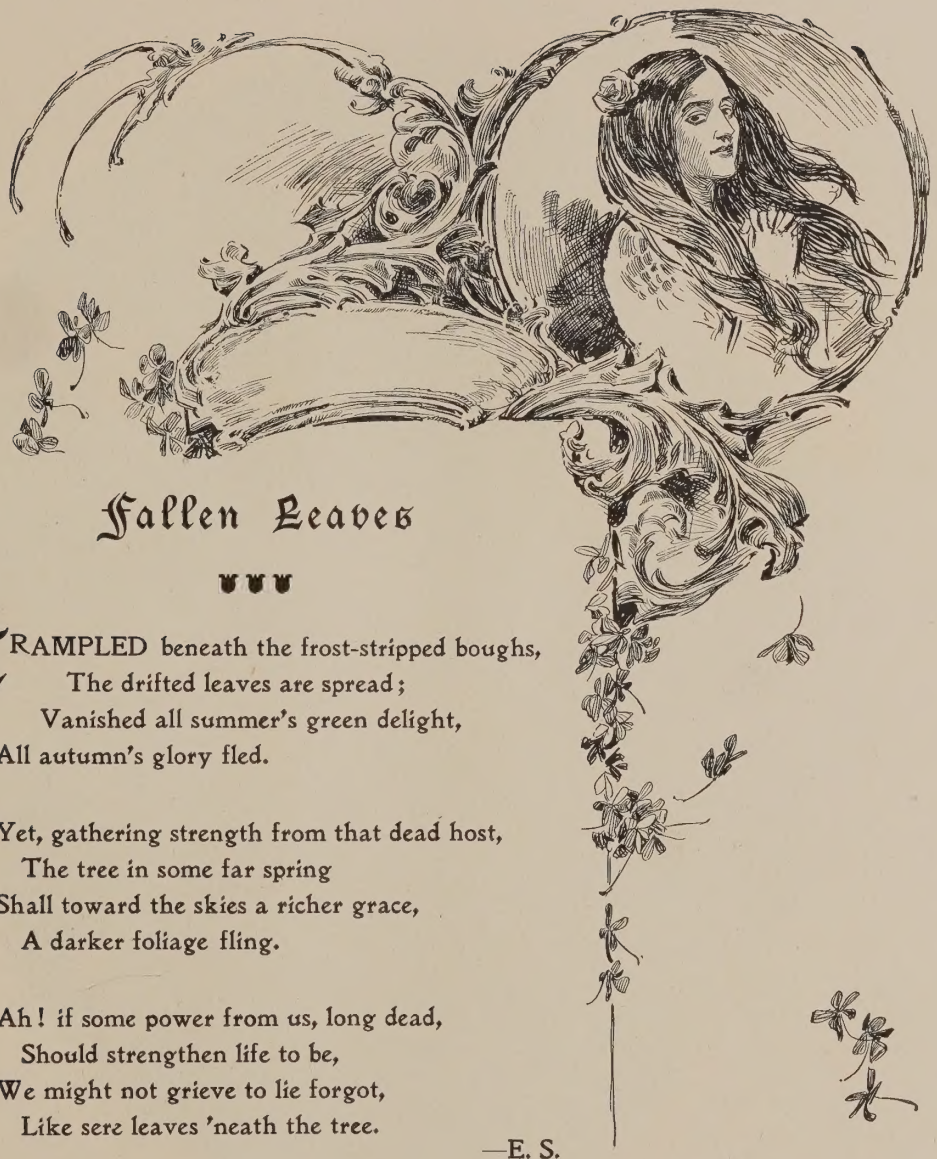
With our arms full of the trailing arbutus, we left the hill for the home of our professor. There we were greeted by his wife with so much cordiality and warmth, that we at once felt perfectly at home. What a lot of good things she had prepared for us, and how we did enjoy them.

After supper, we all gathered around the piano, listening to the music. Once again we were in the country, knowing no cares, wandering in the woods by the brook, and hearing the exquisite melodies of the birds blended with the song of the shepherd.

We started homeward with light and happy hearts, feeling that we were all the better for our afternoon's enjoyment, and prepared to resume the many school duties which always come before commencement.

G. S., 1901.

SPRING



Fallen Leaves

TRAMPLED beneath the frost-stripped boughs,
The drifted leaves are spread;
Vanished all summer's green delight,
All autumn's glory fled.

Yet, gathering strength from that dead host,
The tree in some far spring
Shall toward the skies a richer grace,
A darker foliage fling.

Ah! if some power from us, long dead,
Should strengthen life to be,
We might not grieve to lie forgot,
Like sere leaves 'neath the tree.

—E. S.

ART CLASS

SKETCHING

Translated from the German

FROM her slender stem the little step-mother watches over her children, the velvety pansy petals.

To the little one, her own Kindchen, she has given a chair, where it sits alone. To the four step-children she has given but one, which they must share together.

Hence the name "Stiefmutterchen."

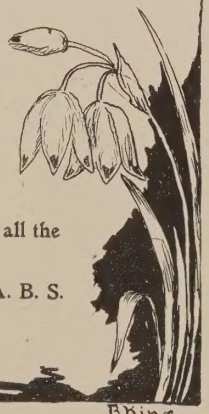
—I. H.

TO all his flower children God gave names, which pleased them very much. While they were happy and rejoicing, one dainty little flower stood by the brook and wept; it had its name forgotten; but God, the loving father, heard and soothed his child, saying: "Henceforth forgetmenot shalt thou be called, that thou mayst never again thy name forget."

—H. R.

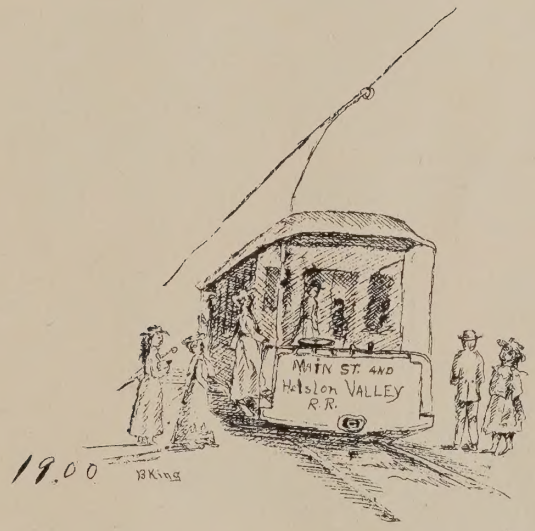
BEFORE the snow was white he sought the flowers, asking each: "May I wear your color?" All answered "No." Snowdrop alone was willing to share her robe. Since then the snow has been white. In gratitude he wraps the tiny bud in a downy mantle of snowy white and sends it forth in Springtime, first of all the flowers.

—A. B. S.



B. King.

NATIONAL
BANK
B. King
1870


MAIN ST. AND
HAISLOM VALLEY
R.R.
19.00
B King

Dots and Dashes

Miss E. D. is very "Frank" about the explanation of a "Hill."

Miss F.—"Say, Miss K., what do you think of our Annual?" Miss I. D. (interrupting)—"Oh! where is it going to be at?"

West Point Millinery Academy is a school often mentioned in Miss Mitchell's American history class.

Miss M.—"Of whom did the Greeks seek aid in the revolt of the Ionians?"

Miss D.—"The Athencœans" (Athenians).

Miss K. to Miss F.—"Miss F., let me see your profile." Miss F. in doubt, turns first her full face, and then her back.

That the ladies of Sullins College easily learn to play the violin is not surprising when their experience in handling beaux is taken into consideration.

Teacher to class—"What is a ruminant animal?"

Girl (after reflecting)—"One with four legs."

Miss M.—"Man is the only animal that walks on two feet."

Mary (quickly)—"No; a camel walks on—no—he—has—two—humps."

Fresh—"O Sub-Senior, what have you named the Annual?"

Sub-Senior—"We call it 'The Omega.'"

Fresh—"Heigh! you have named it well. It will be the last from Sullins."

One night a crowd of Juniors had met in a practice-room in order to have a feast. The cloth had been laid and the feast spread, when suddenly they heard an awful noise which seemed to come from the piano.

The girls, sure that the teachers would arrive in a moment to discover the cause of the disturbance, gathered all the eatables, threw them into a covered box, and hurried to their rooms.

The next morning the teachers spoke of the noise as inexplicable, and the Juniors were sure that their intended frolic was unsuspected. Several of them went to the room in a body. In the top of the piano they found an alarm clock, and in the box where they had thrown their feast, only the following note:

"Dear Juniors: You have never been kind to us, and have never invited us to a feast, so we decided to invite ourselves.

Your loving friends,

The Sophomores.

A delightful midnight feast had been planned by six of the Sophomores. But how were they to awaken? As one of the girls had an alarm clock it was decided that she should act as Central and arouse the other girls by means of strings run from her room through galleries, and often up one or more flights of stairs to the rooms of those invited to the feast. These girls were to tie the ends of the strings to their fingers, that a slight jerk might awaken them.

To lessen the chances of being caught, Central was directed to let a few minutes elapse between jerks.

When twelve came the alarm went off, and the girl jumped up, sleepily pulled the string, and then lay down on the bed to await the arrival of the girls. The candle light was so dim that when the first girl entered she caught her foot in a rug, and fell violently to the floor, smashing the dish she was carrying and making an awful noise. On hearing a teacher's door open, she shoved the broken china under the bed and pretended that the girl who belonged in the room, having been taken violently ill had called to her.

Just as the teacher entered the room, the latter exclaimed, "This is it," and seizing a bottle of hair-oil, hastened to the seeming sufferer. The victim took the dose but it will be sufficient for me to say that she did not enjoy the feast.

After the teacher had retired Central broke off connection with the other four invited guests, who slept quietly on until awakened the next morning by the rising bell.

At another school, the Juniors were regarded as angels, and it was the delight of a Freshman to be requested to serve them.

There was a Sophomore in the college who, when she grew angry, always said, "I am so hot I can't see straight."

She said this so frequently that the Juniors considered it their duty to correct such an undignified expression.

They had a meeting and discussed ways and means; finally they decided to ask an ingenious Freshman to form a plan.

One afternoon a number of girls were sitting on the campus talking, when one of them exclaimed, "Oh, she makes me so hot I can't see straight."

Then to their surprise they saw the active form of a young girl dart around a corner and a brown paper sack fly through the air. It hit the heated girl on the head, burst, and deluged her with water.

It is needless to say that the Juniors accomplished their purpose.

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